AARON IN THE WILD WOODS

THE STORY OF A SOUTH ERN SWAMP

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

(Copyright, 1897, by Jost Chandler Harris.) CHAPTER IV.

(Between Midnight and Dawn) When Aaron parted from Counky Riley on the hill after they had come from the Swamp, he went along the path to the spring, stooped on his hands and knees and took a lorg draught of the cool water. Then he went in the rear of the negro passed thence to the flower garden in front of the great house. At one corner of the house a large cak reared its head above the second story. Some of its himbs when swayed by the wind swept the tie Crotchett's room. Echind the red curtain of this dormer window a light shone, although it was now past midnight. It shone there at night whenever Little Crot-chett was restless and sleepless and wanted to see Aaron. And this was often, for the youngster, with all his activity, rarely knew what it was to be free from pain the Gray Pony he would have been very ambappy indeed. All day long he could make some excuse for putting his aches aside; he could even forget them. But at night, when everything was quiet, pain would rap at the door and insist on coming in and getting in ted with him.

Little Crotchett had many quantithoughts and queer imaginings, and one of these thing or other that could come in at the goldin dressed in red flaunch, with green hat running to a sharp peak at the top, and a yellow tassel daugling from the peak-a red flannel goblin always smelling of camphor and spirits of tur-pentine. Sometimes—and these were rare nights-the red goblin remained away, and then Little Crotchett could sleep and dream the most beautiful dreams. But usually, as soon as the night had

fallen on the plantation and there was no longer sty noise in the house, the little red goblin, with his peaked green hat, would open the door gently and peep in to see whether the lad was asleepnd he knew at a ginnee whether Little Crotchett was sleeping or only feigning sieep. Sometimes the youngster would shut his eyes ever so tight and lie as still as a mouse, hoping that the red goblin would go away. But the trick never succeeded. The red goblin was too mart for that. If there was a blaze in the fireplace he would wink at it very scientily; if not he'd wink at the candle And be never was in any barry. He'd sil squat on the floor for many long mo-ments. Sometimes he'd run and jump in the bed with Little Crotchett and the Jump out again Sometimes he'd pretead was going to jump in the bed, when suddenly another notion would strike him and he'd turn and ron out at the door and not come tack again for days. But this was unusual. Night in and night out, the year round, the red gobjer rarely

failed to show himself in Little Crotchett's room and crawl under the cover with the lad. There was but one person in all that whom the red noblin was afraid of. and that was Aaron. But he was an obetinate gobiin. Frequently he'd stay after Anron came and try his best to fight it at with the Son of Ben All; but in the end he would have togs. There weretimes. Lowever, when Aaron could not respond to Little Crotchett's signal of distress-the light in the dormer window-and at such times the red goblin would have everything his own way. He would stay till all the world was awake, and then he'd sneak off to his hiding place. Leaving Little Crotchett weak and exhausted.

Thusit happened that while Clunky Riley, was taking an unexpected rideo (the White Pig. and afterward while the three men vere sitting on the pasture fence beyond the spring, the red goblin was giving Little Crotchett a good deal of trouble. No matter which way he turned in bed, the red came into the flower garden. He was there when Auron stood at the foot of the great onk at the corner of the house. He was there when Aaron put forth his hand, felt for and found one of the from spikes that had been driven into the body of the onk The red goldin was in bed with Little Crotchett and tagging at his back and lens when Aaron pulled himself upward by means of the iron spike; when he found another spike; when, standing on and holding to these spikes, he walked up the trunk of the tree as if it were a ladder, and when he went into Little Crotchett's room, by way of the dormer window. The real name of the red goblin with the red hat was Pain, as we know, and he was very busy with Little Crotchett this night, and though the lad had fallen into a doze, he was moving restlessly about when Aaron entered the room. The Son of Ben All stepped to the low bed, and knelt by it, placing his hand that the night winds h cooled on Little Crotchett's brow. touch ing it with firm but gentle strokes. lad awoke with a start, saw that Aaron was near, and then closed his eyes again

"If twice as long it would be short for replied Aaron Then, still stroking Lucia Crotchett's brow with one hand and gently rubbing his body with the other, the son of Ben Ali told of Chunky Edwy's ride on the White Pig. With his eyes closed the lad could see the de performance, and be laughed with se much heartiness that Aaron laughed sympathy. This was such a rare event that Little Crotchett opened his eyes to see it, but he soon closed them again, ing, went swiftly through the pasture for for now be felt that the red goblin was half a mile, struck into the plantation path

"It's a long way for you to come," he

the basket there.

"There's a lot of things for you in

I sent Chanky Riley," said Little Crotchett, after a while. "They're after you temorrow-Jim Sunmons and his bounds. And he has a catch dog with him. I a.w the dog today. He's named Pluto. He's big and black, and bob-tailed, and his ears have been cropped. Oh. I'm afraid they'll get you this time. Aaron. Why not stay here with me temorrow and the next day"

There was a note of surprise in Auron's voice.

'Yes. What's to hinder you? I can keep everybody out of the room, except-'

"Except Somebody," said Aaron, smil-ing. "No, no! The White-Haired Master a good man. Good to all. He'd shake his head and say, 'Ronaway hiding in my house! That's bad, bad!' No. Little Mar ter, they'll not get Anron. You sleep Tomorrow might I'll come. My clother will be ripped and snagged. Have me a big needle and some coarse thread. I'll 'em here, and while I'm mending I may tell a tale. I don't know, Mayb You steep."

Aaron was no mesmerist, but somehow the red goblin being gone, Little Crotchett was soon in the land of dreams. Aaron remained by the bed to make sure the sleep was sound, then he rose, tucked the cover thout the Ind's shoulders (for the morning air was cool), blew out the candle went out on the roof, closing the window sashafter him, and in a moment was stand ing in the flower garden. There he found Rambler, the track dog, awaiting him. and together they passed out into the lot | waz dat er take ter de woods, an' deyain't

and went by the spring, where Aaron stooped and took another draught of the

cool, refreshing water.
All this time the three men had been sitting on the pasture fence at the point where it intersected the path leading from the spring, and they were sitting there still. As Aaron started along this path, after leaving the spring, Rambler trotted on before, and his keen nose soon detected the presence of strangers. With a whine that was more than half a whistle Rambler gave Anron the signal to stop and then went toward the fence. The situation became clear to him at once, and it was then that Chunky Riley and the three men had heard him bark. They

called it barking, but it was a message to Aaron, saying:
"Lookout! Lookout! Son of Ben Ali,

look sharp! I see three-Grizzlies two, and another" There was nothing alarming in the situ ation. In fact, Aaron might have gone within halling distance of the three men without discovery, for the spring lot was well wooded. If Mr. Addison Aber crombie had any peculiarity it was hi foodness for trees. He could find some-thing to admite in the crookedest shrub oak and in the scragglest clm. He not only allowed the trees in the spring lot to stand, but planted others. Where Aaron stood a clump of black jacks covering a quarter of an acre had sprung up some years before. They were now wellgrown saplings and stood as close together. according to the saying of the negroes, as hairs on a hog's tack. Through these Aaron slowly edged his way, moving very carefully, until he renched a point close ch to the three men to see and hear what was going on.

Signifing in the black shadow of these saplings, he made an important discovery Chunky Riley, it will be remembered

Simmons were intent on capturing Aaron;

but this was far from their purpose. They had no such idea. While Aaron stood

listening, watching, he saw a tall shadow steal along the path. He heard the swish

of a dress and knew it was a woman.

The shadow stole along the path until

"Well?" said Mr. Goskett, sharply.

What did you see? Where did the nigger

go? Don't stand there like you are deaf and dumb. Talk out!"

"I seed him come fum de spring, Marster,

"I lis'n at evely one, Marster, an' I ain't

"Ef he wuz, Marster, he wa'nt sayin'

nothin'. Big Sal was talkin' wid Ran-

What were they talking about?"

"All de words I hear om say wuz 'bout der Little Marster-bow good he is an'

how he all de time thinkin' mo' 'hout

"Homph!" snorted Mr. Gossett. Mr.

"Whyn't you go in an' see Whether

'Hekase, Marse George, dey'd 'a' know'd

You're as big as she is," suggested Mr.

"Yes, sir; but I ain't got de ambition

what Big Sal got," replied the woman

"I tell you, Simmons, that runaway

"But, Colonel, if he's that, what do you

"Why, so much the more need for catch-

y go about among your friends and say

want him caught for?" inquired Mr.

ing him. I want to get my hands on him. If I don't convert him, why, then, you

that Gossett is a poor missionary. You

"You may go home, now," said Mr. Gossett to the woman.

"Thanky, Marster." She paused a mo

ment to wipe her face with her apron, and

Aaron slipped away from the nighbor

hood of the three men, crossed the fence

a hundred yards ahead of the woman, and

then came back along the path to meet

turned his back to her, and stood motion-

less in the path. The woman was talking

she saw Aaron she besitated, advanced a

step, and then stood still, breathing hard

All her superstitious fears were aroused

"Who is you? Who is dat? Name er

Lord! Can't you talk? Don't be foolin'

uman voice reassured her somewhat, bu

er knees shook so she could hardly stand.

"Watching a child-looking hard at it."

"Wuz you, she nuff?". She came a step

"A black child," Aaron weat on. "Its

dress was aftre. It went up and down the path here. It went across the hill. Crying

and calling-calling and crying: "Anron Aaron! Mammy's hunting for you! Aaron

"My Lord from heaven," moaned the

woman; "dat wux my chil'-de one what got burnt up kase I wuz off in de fiel'."

She threw her apron over her bead, fell

on her knees and moaned and shuddered.

"Well, I'm Aaron. You hunted for me

in the nigger cabins: you slipped to the

fence yonder; you told three men you

"Ob. Lord, I wuz bleeged ter do it. It

Aaron! Mammy's telling on you."

"How come any chil' out dis time

What your name?" she solded.

"Too long a name to tell you."

"What you dein'?"

couldn't find me.

nearer.

wid me! Man, who is you?"
"One!" replied Aaron. The sound of a

to herself when she came up, but when

When he saw her coming he stopped.

near where Chunky Riley had been stand

then climbed over the fence and went to

"I believe you!" echoed George

nigger is the imp of Satan," remarked Mr.

Aaron was in there?" asked George

right pine blank what I come fur. 'Sides

dat, Big Sal is a mighty bad nigger 'on an

yuther folks dan he do 'bout his own se'f.

Simmons moved about uneasily.

Gossett.

Gossett.

Gossett.

when she git mad."

Simmons, humorously.

may say that and welcome."

ward the Gossett plantation

an' go up by de nigger cabins. But atter

dat I ain't lay eyes on 'im.'

bear no talkin' in but one."

"Was he in that one?"

"Did he go into the cabins?"

it came to the three men on the fence

and then it stopped.

no place fer me in de woods. What'd I do out dar by nese'f at night. I kapw'd couldn't cotch you. Oh, dat wuz my

"Stand up," Aaron commanded. "What yer gwine ter do" the woman asked, slowly rising to her feet and holding herself ready to dodge an expected blo for, as she herself said, she was not at all

"Your breakfast is ready and I've waiting here to give it to you. Hold your apron."

The Woman did as she was told, and Aaron took from the basket which little Crotchett had given him four biscuits

and as many slices of ham. "l'Il take um, and thasky, too," said the woman; "but hungry as I is, I don't b'lieve I kin cat a mou'ful un um atter what I done. I'm too mean ter live. "Get home. Get home and forget it," "Oh, I can't go throo dem woods atter

what you tol' me," cried the woman.
"Tilgo with you," said Aaron. "Come." "You!" The woman lifted her voice entil it sounded shrill on the moist air of the morning. "You gwine dar to Gossett's? Don't you know dey er gwine ter hunt you in de mornin'? Don't you know dey got de dogs dar? Don't you know some er der niggers'll see you-an' maybe de overseer? Don't you know you can't get away fum dem dogs ter save yo' life?"

"Come," said Aaron, sharply. "It's late." "Min' now. Ef dey catch you, 'tain't ne dat done it," the woman insisted.

"Come, I must be getting along," was

Auron's reply. He went forward along the path, and though he seemed to be walking easily the woman had as much as she could do to keep near him. Though his body

seemed to be gliding along, rather than walking. Abead of him, sometimes near,

sometimes far, and frequently out of sight.

was Rambler going in a canter. A hare

jumped from behind a tussock and went skipping away. It was a tempting chal-

"Me?" I'll go twenty miles before sun-up," replied Agron.

"I never tell on you no mo"," said the woman; "not ef dey kills me." She

Fetch the men here: show 'een where I

stood-if it brings you more meat for

"Sho" 'muff?" asked the woman, amazed.

Aaron nodded his head, "What kind er

folks is you?" she cried. "You ain't no nigger. Dey ain't no nigger on top er de

The woman was thinking about the meat

turned and disappeared in the darkness, which was now changing to the gray of

dawn. The woman remained where she

was standing for some mon-ents as if

oneidering some serious problem. Ther

"I'd git de meat-but dev mout ketch

heard the hog feeder in the horse lot talk-

ing angily to the males as he parceled

feeder. And you may be sure the man went

barrows, woodpile, everything, and let the

seero run to his master! Had he seen the

horses? O. yes, Marster, that he had! They

were standing at the lot gate and they wickered and whinned so that he

was obliged to go and see what

there

the trouble was. And there were the horses, Mr. Simmons'

among the rest. Yes. Marster, and the hog

feeder was just on the point of alarming the

had happened, when the thought came to

his mind that the horses had grown tired

of waiting and had broken loose from their

O. yes, Marster, they would do that way

sometimes, because horses have a heap of sense, especially Marster's horses. When

one broke loose the others wanted to follow him, and then they broke loose, too. And

they were fed-cating right now, and all fixed up. Saddle 'em by sun up? Yes.

Marster, and before that if you want 'em

for they've already had a right smart

no fear of Mr. Gossett's bounds. But he

knew he would have some difficulty in

getting away from those that Mr. Simmons

had trained. If he could outmaneuver them, that would be the best plan. If not-

well, he would make a stand in the swamp.

But there was the crop-eared, bob-tailed

cur-the catch dog-that was the trouble

Aaron knew, too, that Mr. Simmons was

a professional negro hunter, and that he

naturally took some degree of pride in it.

Being a professional, with a keen desire to be regarded as an expert, it was to be

supposed that Mr. Simmons had made a

study of the tactics of fugitive negroes.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Simmons was

As for Aaron he had far to go. He had

smack of corn and good clean fodder.

eighborhood, thinking something serious

running about in the horse lot.

im, an' den what'd I look like?"

Aaron lifted his right hand in the air.

Will dey ketch you of I tell."

ground dat'd sian' up dar an' taik

your young ones, tell!

went to Gossett's.

negro quarters.

your babies."

away.

dark shadow moved and flitted. It

Anren and Little Crochett,

suspected that the two Gossetis and Mr. swayed slightly from side to side, he

of his calling, a very kind-hearted man. In his soul he despised Mr. Gossett, whose negroes were constantly in the woods, and loved and admired Addison Abercrombie, whose negroes never ran away, and who, if every slave on his plantation were : fugitive, would never call in Mr. Simmons to catch them.

Aaron was far afield when, as the sun rose, Mr. Gossett's hog feeder called the house girl and asked her to tell Mr. Gossett that the horses were saddled and ready at the front gate. Then Mr. Simmons dogs, which had been shut up in the car-riage flouse, were turned out and fed. The hounds were given half-cooked cornment. but the catch dog, Pluto, must needs have a piece of raw meat, which he swallowed at one gulp. This done, Mr. Simmons blev one shore, sharp note on his horn and the bunt for Aaron began,

(To be continued.)

WOMEN AND BUSINESS

A prominent English review wants to know why an Englishman always doubts when drawing up his will whether it is safe toleave his wife in the position of executoror trustee; why lawyers proclaim with one voice that, save in exceptional cases, no property is safe which is trusted to the unchecked control of a woman; and why the absence of women from all positions of great financial responsibility is conspicuous

Englishwomen of the new order rush to the defense of their sex, and declare the reason to be that woman has not been trainel in the ways of business and finance that while the boy is brought up in famili larity with bonds and coupons, interest and investments, the girl has been reared in what has been considered "seemly femiine ignorance" of such sordid details

"The shadow of the harem," it is said, still rests upon the woman of today. "The creature who for centuries had her thinking done for her, who has been hedged about with warping conventions and trained to lean upon the nearest many shoulder, whose matured intellect was directed upon the unagitating details of house wifery, can hardly be expected suddenly to develop the shrewd penetration, the keen foresight and the cool self-reliance of the energetic 'promoter.'

An American writing on the same sub ect takes a much more rose-colored view of woman's business ability than the one which, it would appear, prevails in Eng-and. He says. There is no computing how many dollars it would be in the pocket of the average man if he would show just about twice as much deference to his Wife's judgment as he does. Many shrewd men understand this fact, and more than one successful man is in the habit of meeting a new business proposition with the remark 'l'il ask my wife.'"
"If some of the superabundant confi-

dence of most men in their own exclusive capacity to manage affairs could be trans ferred to their wives and mothers there eventy balanced family burdens."

SOME LATE NEW THINGS

A newly designed carpet or rug beater is formed of a zigzag wire loop, the ends of which are fastened in a wooden handle. A new pocket case for use in writing has

holder for pen and pencil, a bottle of ink and a pouch for heiding postage stamps. One of Edison's latest patents is a twopointed receiver for the phonograph, which will give two records at once from the sam cylinder.

Chair bottoms are braced in the center by means of a metal bridge fastened to the edges of the chair bottom and pressing up ward on the seat. To promote combustion in furnaces a dog-

lenge, but Rambler hardly glanced at him. "Good-by, Mr. Rabbit. I'll see you another day."
Thus Asron, the woman and Rambler ble set of fans, one larger than the other, are set in an air shaft, exhaust steam acting on the smaller set to run the larger, or "Man, ain't you tired?" the woman nir fans. sked, when they came in sight of the Artificial straws for use in drinking are

now made of a mixture of chewing gum, floor, glucose, grain sugar and starch are flexible enough so they will bend without breaking. Noiseless tricycle chains are made by covturned to go to her cabin, when Aaron touched her on the shoulder.
"Waith" he whispered. "If it brings

sting the links with rawbide, which is fastened to each link by wrapping around it and impring the ends under a small bolt to hold them fast. To prevent chatelaine hooks from slipping

off the seit, a snap-button is formed in a flap fastened to the book, the eye being placed in the back side of the strap, and the knob fastened to the flap. For use in fastening keys and covering the

keyhole a flat plate slotted at one end is atached to the door below the lock so as to ideapoverthekeylede, the slotfitting over the fiat shank of th ckey.

tear-lighter are little balls of sulphur and phosphorus, the lighter seizing one and igniting it when a lever is pressed, an ejector removing the waste portion after use.

Cheered the Baby Carriage.

"I saw Mr. Cleveland's first load of house hold goods come into the Presidential mansion," writes Maude Carpenter, "It This remark seemed to please her, for she epeated it more than once before moving out of her tracks. When she did move was on the day that he was maugurated. she went to her cabin, kindled a fire, He had been sworn in at the Capitol, but cooked something for her children-she had not yet come to the White House to take had three-placed a biscoit and a piece hisplace on the grand stand there and review of ham for each, and, although she had the procession. There was a big crowd waiting at out the White House to see him not slept a wink, prepared to go to the field. It was almost time, too, for she when an express was on drove up, and, with the assistance of a policeman, passed through. This wagen was piled high with trunks and boxes, and upon the top of t out their corn and forage. Presently she heard him calling the hogs to get a bite was a bright, new baby carriage. How of corn-the fattening hogs that were the crowd cheered when they saw it! They towed down at once to Baby Ruth, even Soon, too, she heard the sharp voice of Mr. Gossett, her master, calling to the hog as they had been towing down to Baby McKee for the past four years. It was the strongest evidence I had yet seen that Harrison as a President was dead and as fast as his legs would carry him. Get Cleveland, the new President, alive." out of the way, dog, chickens, wheel-

Mrs. Burnett to Boys.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was apscaled to in a case where a gentle little mother was much perplexed about her ten-year-old. The boy was trying to get good early in his classes, and the youngster who sat behind him pinched and polled and Josded him so that he couldn't possibly think or work. What was to be done? Was he to be a tell tale? Somehow or other boy naare revolts against this. This is what the little lady of "Fauntleroy" fame said

Well, I think if that had been my son should tell him to take that boy one side after school and say to him fairly and squarely, 'Now, I want good marks. You don't. But I do, and I am going to have ham, and if you don't quit bothering m shall hit you in the eye, and I shall hit you hard.' And then I should advise him make his words good at the very next offense."

Racing to Make \$100,000.

There are two operators in stocks in Washigton, Mr. White and K. K. Kennedy, who are apparently running a race to see which will make \$100,000 first. Both of these gentlemen have been tremendously success ful during the last six months. Mr. White has been on the right side almost always. Mr. Kennedy has no win his possession som sixty or seventy thousand dollars which he has acquired from a \$15 stake in the last six months. He is in the habit of carrying \$10,000 around with him in his vest pocket for small change, cigars, drinks and the matters of every-day expenditure. The other \$60,000 was salted away and it is a very shrewd man. He was also, in spite | added to every week.

The Story of a Dog in the Snow

BY MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN.

(Copyright, 1897, by S. S. McClure Co.) There were four of us, all born on our Kansas farm. I was the oldest, and at that time was twelve years old, Susie was ten, Dan was eight, and Lincoln five. Mother had not visited her old home, in Pennsylvania, since I was a baby, so, that she might spend a winter there, father's sister, Calista, had come West to mother us. Mother had been gone two days when



the stage from the nearest railroad town thirty miles away, had brought out aunt. We found her to be a maiden lady of me forty odd, with glistening spectacles, a kind-hearted face, but a primness about her mouth that told of prim ideas and ways. She found us a disconsolate little brood, missing our mother for the first time inour lives, hovered dreamly about the fire in our comfortable living-room, in the gathering dusk, consoling ourselves with Jack, as he was the only cheerful and sympathetic one of the party. She gave us a motherly greeting that warmed our hearts, but when we dragged Jack forward to share the caresses he was turned away she might as well have thrown cold water over our little group, as to have shut

Jack out from her heart.

He was "only a dog," as she said, and, it must be confessed, not a pretty one. None of your glossy Scotch collie, nor early black Newfoundland, nor tawny St. Bernard, but just plain, mongret, yellow dog, with stubby barr that raised itself a ridge along his backbone, from cars to tail, if anything threatened one of us, the white he would growl deep in his throat. with a sidewise glance of his eyes, but with the kindest and most faithful heart that a dog ever had.

We children grouped ourselves behind the store, discontentedly. We had no heart for picture books or popcorn that night for, instead of being in our midst, Jack was exiled to the dark and cold. And after we went to bed our whispered indignation was not. I fear, very respectfully

expressed. Aunt Calista was one of the kindest of foster mothers, though her rule was a little more strict than that to which we had been accustomed. Our comfort was carefully looked after, and various gingerbread men and doughnut horses, to say othing of mince and apple turnovers, that were tucked into our pockets or dinner baskets, were proof that she thought of childish tastes. Our play hours were curtalled a little, our tasks a triffe prolonged but that was no hardship to healthy chil-dren. We would have grown to love her dearly had it not been for her attitude toward Jack. For him there was no more evening maps beside the fire, no subdued rough-and-tumbles with Link over the carpet, no waiting at the back door, with impatient whinings and scratchings.

'Your father needs a watch dog, no doubt," she would say to us, "but not a house dog. He has a warm kennel and you can carry his meals to the barn for him, so there is no need of having him spend your time romping with him, either, It is rough on your clothes, as well as your

manners. Several times Jack came pleadingly to back door, but finally one day Amit Callsta threatened him with the broom stick, and after that he did not come again. This indignity to Jack so wounded Link's feelings that he disappeared entirely after supper, and only after a frantic search did we find him, in the kennel, caddled down with the dog for a pillow, Aunt Calista was used to the cold winters

sure, and we'll have him in bed. You stay here and I'll ron to the barn with it. I'll be back in a minute"

"O, Aunt Calista, don't!" I called after her, but she had opened the door and stepped out. The light streamed for a moment across the porch, so she had no chance to see how thick the air was until she was lost in it. I stood in the door and called after her for a moment. but the wind seemed the tear my voice away before it was six inches from my tips. Then a great gust rushed past use, stamming the door against the inner wall and blowing out the light, so that I was giad enough to be able to creep back into the house. It took all my strength to shut the door against the wind, and by that time Susie and Dan and Link were crying with terror, and I tell you I felt like it myself, as I groped about in the

dark for a match. I was alone in the house with the chil-dren, I was afraid father was lost in the storm. I was sure Aunt Calista was, and that she would likely be frozen to death, as she had only thrown a light shoulder showl over her head. I knew enough about blizzards to know that there is not much chance for any one out in one alone. quieted the children as well as I could and then when the wind didn't seem to blow so hard on that side of the house opened the door, and closing it quickly after me, stood outside. Holding to the outside storm door, I called and called again and again, but my, I could scarcely bear my own voice, so I came in and we huddled down, miserably frightened, to

It seemed hours that we heard only the rattling of the wind. Then there was a stamping on the porch, and father opened the door, out of breath, and white with powdery snow.

"Where's auntieg" he asked, looking wonderingly at us.

"O, fathert" I exclaimed, breathlessly, "she took your comforter out to you. Before I could stop her she opened the door and rau out, and that was long ago, and I've called and called, and the wind blew my voice away, and-and-"

Here I broke down and commenced to cry for the first time. Father stood perfectly still for a moment, and though the wind had reddened his cheeks, his face turned white.

"My God!" That was all he said, and we never had heard him say it before, so we knew he feit dreadfully. Then he began to act. Getting his lantern and a wrap, and a bottle of brandy, and telling me to have hot water and blankets ready when he come back, though I knew by the sound of his voice that he was hopeless, he went out to explore the yard as far as his rope would reach. The light of his lan tern could only be seen a few minutes and we were alone again.

He went over every step of the yard, and then spliced his rope, and went farther out, but it did no good. He couldn't drop the rope, for then he, too, would be lost, and perhaps we would all perish. After a long time he came to the door

gain. I never saw any one look so terrible as he did when I met him at the door. He seemed ten years older than when he "Lida," he began, brokenly, when there

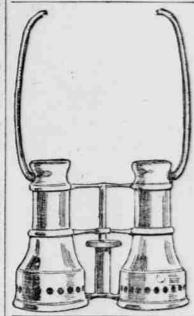
ame a sudden little full in the wind, and we heard a faint sound that was not of the storm. It was a dog's high-keyed long-drawn howl, and, though it was in the opposite direction from Jack's kennel, we both knew it was Jack.

Father took the rope and hurried as best ie could in the direction of the sound. A full came while he was on his way, and he shouted to Jack, who answered Row rov row-w-w-w!" with a joyful howl. He went to the end of his rope and called again, and again Jack answered, right beside him. He had to reach as far as he could to touch the dog and hold the tope,

Aunt Calista lay, almost unconscious, on the ground beside the dog, with her hand tight in his cellar. Father loosenes her hold, and picking her up, started for the house, Jack following. It was hard work to carry her and take in the rope, too, and he was almost exhausted by the time he reached the door. There Jack, in memory of sundry rebuffs, started to slink away, but father called him in, and even Auat Calista feebly motioned

her hand to have him come. Such a busy, joyful time as we had over the rescued and the rescuers. And one was baopier than Jack, and he one's way, but not scolded. Aunt Calista con recovered from her numbuess, for though it had seemed hours to us, she and really been out but a short time had kept moving, and then she fold us

Jack had been sitting in front of her s she talked, listening attentively, with his head on one side, and when she had finished she leaned forward, took his hemely yellow head in her hands and kissed him between his honest, brown eyes.



Scheme of a Deaf and Near-

Sighted New Yorker Who

Likes the Theater.

A combination opera glass and tele-

phone designed to help the deaf to hear

as well as the short-sigted to see stage

performances the better has been devised by an afflicted New Yorker for his own use.

Inappearance the new contrivance is much

like any other opera glass, the chief

difference being that to each of the barrels is attached a flexible tube that may be

fitted in the ears when the glasses are

held to the eyes. Just back of the large

lenses there are a number of small holes,

through which the sound is conveyed to

collectors forming a diaphragm. This

disphragm receives and conveys the sound to a second set of collectors at the back

of the barrels, where it is caught again and

conveyed through the tubes to the cur

By a clever device the holes in the har-

reis are so constructed as to shut out all sounds excepting those coming from the

direction of the stage, thus making it practically impossible for the user to hear

anything excepting that which he has a desire to bear. In other words, he cannot

be annoyed by the comments of any follow spectator or auditor who has "seen and heard it all before," by the remarks

of the fair members of the audience upon the gowns of their friends, or by the criti-

cisms of the dead-heads-

The inventor is well-to-do, and has no intention of placing his contrivance on the market, as, for various reasons, the expense of construction is so great as to phase at beyond the reach of any one who has not plenty of money to spend. He has had one made for himself, however, which he seems to enjoy greatly, and has presented a few to his friends.

One of the latter, on reception of his gift, said that it must have been such an instrument that was referred to by a Scott-man, who declared : f t a spy-glass which he used brought a church ten miles away so near to him one Sunday morning that he could not only see a fly on the minister's nose, but could hear the sermon with perfeet distinctness.

Hints for Young Mothers.

When preparing an outfit for an infant, provide the softest and finest materials your means will permit. One should stop to consider how soft and tender the skin of the infantisin its early days.

Embroideries should never be selected for rimming the necks of dresses and nightcowns. Lace is much daintier, and while less expensive than embroideries, it gives t richer appearance to the little ward

For night wear, flannels should have an admixture of cotton. This prevents shrinking. The day skirts may also be made of cotton and wool flannel, but silk and wool makes a much handsomer skirt and will last for years. A good quality of silk and wool fiannel may be had for 80 cents a yard.

Do not provide robber shields; those ade of quilted cambric are much more cleanly and better for the child in every

The dresses should be one yard long when finished. A deep hem is the most popular finish at the present lime, and is far more sensible than a ruffle of embroidery. The little dresses are far more easily laundered and the extra expense may be added to the quality of the material.

Fashion's Foibles.

Red is the coming color. There is a pink shade of red, artistically soft and pretty. All the tones of purple are seen in spring goods, and navy blue, gray, pale green and pale blue in combination with white predominate in dimities, organdles and the fashionable feelards.

Black gowns will be much in favor nis season. The old-fashioned larege will be made in colored silks, and gives a touch of gayety to an otherwise somber tollet. The all-wool or sik-and-wool canvas

will be much in vogue for early summer street gowns. They are woven in checks and in various small patterns with two olors, such as blue and white and green and coru-the latter a very stylish com-

Broken checks seem to predominate in the new spring goods, while cheviots, Scotch tweeds and smooth-faced cloths come in hair-line stripes and mixtures of all sorts.

A pretty costume seen a day or two ago on Walnut street was a verifable study in browns-the color matching the wearer's bair and eyes. A Norfolk jacket of brown velvet, belted with a namow gold chain girdle, was worn over a perfectly plain skirt of brown and white-checked tweed A small much-detailed collarette, a muff of sableanda flat English walking hattrimmed with brown pheasants' breasts completed this stylish costume.

Importuning Mr. Wanamaker.

No man in public office ever received a greater number of original letters than John Wanamaker. The following wasfrom tmaster living in a small town in South Carolina: "I understand that you are a pidlanthro

pist, as well as a strewd business man. I am postmaster here, and want to be reap pointed. I can't, however, fill the place unless you send me a pair of pants. The pair I have on have been half-soled so often they can't be re-soled any more.
"In my intervals of leisure-which is

about all the time-I sit in front of the office on top of a floor barrel, and when ladies inquire for mail I treat them with the streat deference, retreating backwards before them.

There is another man here looking for the place. He don't know a d-n thing, but he has a good pair of breeches, and if you can't send me a pair, you can treat this letter as my resignation, and give the

Queen Lil Is Well-to-Do Grand Chamberlain Julius A. Palmer, jr., says Litiuokalani's income from her Hawaiian property is between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year.



"I Remember Locking My Fragers in His Collar."

of Michigan, and professed herself stricken "Jack," said she, "if you will only forwith wonder and delight at our Kansas give me for my crossness and let us be weather, as the weeks passed by, with only friends, it shall be for always, you dear. an occasional hard freeze. "You Kansans don't know what you

have to be grateful for, Aleck," she said to father one day. "You don't have any winter at all."

Father smiled as he replied: "Never mind, Calista; we'll give you a taste of winter by and by that will make you think a Michigan winter is

Italy." One afternoon when father brought the milk into the house he told us all to stay in the house, but he said no more, for fear of frightening aunt. Almost before father was back at the barn the air grew thicker and great flakes of snow began to fall and drift. I had seen hin take the clothesine from the back porch as he went out, and I knew he intended to fasten it to the well curb at the corner of the house, for a guide when he came back. He was gone a long time, for he had a great deal of work to do before all the stock could be protected from the storm. Suddenly Aunt Calista remembered that his heavy comforter

was folded away in the press in the

wall. "There, children," she exclaimed, bringis out in all this storm without a thing whose good fellowship crowded clied around his neck. He'll catch cold, superfluous conventionality.

good dog." And Jack told her, by wagging his tail

and licking her hands, that he the apology in the spirit in which it was given.

Couldn't Phase Frank Hatton, While the late Frank flatton was Postmaster General an exchange draft for some \$20,000 needed his signature. He

was not at the Department; neither was he at his home. But old Sol, the messenger, knew where he was, although no amount of coaxing could make him divulge his secret. He offered, however, to take anything to the Postmaster General that was absolutely necessary. Seeing that the case was hopeless, they gave the draft to the messenger, who took it to the place The game had been pretty stiff, and the chips were piled in a miniature mountain. The Postmaster General signed the \$20, 000 draft, then tossing it carelessly on the table, laughingly said:

"Play to that, gentlemen."

The laugh died out, and the game went on, and ended, but the refreshing incident ing it out, "that careless father of yours remained as characteristic of the nan